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Literature

Dalhousie and Havelock *

IT IS DIFFICULT to realize that the complete transference of India from the control of the old East India Company to direct dependence on the British Crown was accomplished so recently as 1858. That vast corporation, with directors at home and governors abroad, with forts and with armies, holding suzerain and sovereign and allied relations with the fragments of the once powerful Mogul Empire, seems, to us in America at least, a thing of the remote past. And yet it is but thirty-two years since the Act of Parliament abolishing the Company was passed, and it is but nineteen since the Queen of Great Britain assumed the Imperial crown of India. The *Life of the Marquess of Dalhousie* (1), written by Sir W. W. Hunter as the initial volume of a series on the Rulers of India, gives a vivid and on the whole accurate account of the eight years of his administration (from 1848 to 1856). This period was remarkable for several things, and was perhaps more essentially formative than any administration that preceded it. In the first place territorial aggrandizement proceeded with rapid strides. The Punjab, Nagpur, the Kingdom of Oudh and a host of smaller states were annexed, and Lower Burma was conquered. The biographer of Lord Dalhousie brings out distinctly the legal doctrine on which the English based their claims in the case of nearly all these annexations of territory—*vis.*, that in the case of all states having acknowledged the British suzerainty, the principle of *lapse* should come into operation—*i. e.*, the falling in of a fief to the original grantor in case of failure of direct heirs. The Indian law recognized the right of adoption and the transmission of the fief to the adopted son; but this the English ignored, and confined the duration of the vassal dynasties to the length of the continuance of the direct line. In the case of the Kingdom of Oudh the grounds for annexation were not based upon this legal assumption of a suzerainty, but were the persistent disregard of treaties by the sovereign and the unspeakable cruelty and vices of the Court. But Lord Dalhousie did not content himself with adding vast areas of India to the conquests of Clive and Hastings: he thoroughly reorganized its internal administration; he did away with abuses and brought order out of an administrative chaos. And besides all this, he conceived and began the system of railways and telegraph-lines which binds Calcutta and Bombay, the Punjab and Ceylon in a close and enduring union. Following Lord Hardinge and preceding Lord Canning, the Marquess of Dalhousie completed the work of the one and prepared the way for the other. That his administration had any influence in producing the Mutiny seems fully disproven here by copious extracts from State papers, memoirs, etc.

'Havelock' (2) is a fairly written and concise account of the gallant soldier whose name is inseparably associated with the Mutiny. The part that Havelock played in quelling

that desperate struggle of the Indian against the European has long been familiar to the world. What is less well known is the earlier career of the man who, without much influence and unable to purchase promotion, rose by sheer merit to the rank of Major-General in the British Army. Mr. Forbes is singularly unprejudiced in his view of Havelock's character, and his admiration does not lead him into the error of concealing faults which many biographers would silently ignore. He simply relates the story of a soldier's life passed in devoted service of the State—a service which did not always meet with either reward or recognition. But thirty years' absence from England without an interval of leave, a life risked with absolute fearlessness not once but a hundred times, and health finally shattered by long exposure and unnumbered hardships—all were well requited by the opportunity that came to Havelock at last. And when they laid him in that far distant grave under the mango trees that had witnessed the 'Relief of Lucknow,' all England, from the white cliffs of the South to where the northern waves foam on the Hebrides, was ringing with his name. Thirty-five years of humble duty may be forgotten, but while Cawnpore and Lucknow are remembered, the name and fame of Havelock will live.

"Three Years in Western China" **

SHUT OUT FROM EUROPE and parts of America by prohibitive tariffs, England seeks new openings for her trade in every region on earth. The 'nation of shopkeepers,' as it was once called in derision, now accepts the title with good grace, and compasses the earth with diplomatic, commercial and military drummers. Indeed, the drum-beat of England round the globe is that to summon customers. No people are more remorselessly vigilant and active in prospecting and opening trade routes, and the tone of disappointment when the French, Germans or Americans score a point in trade ahead of them, sounds very much like a howl. It is said of a certain recently deceased New York millionaire that in later life he considered that every man whom he knew to have made ten thousand dollars, had intercepted them on the way to him. Some such feeling the leading traders of the world cherish towards rivals.

Just now, though British exploring activity is rife in Africa and other quarters, the commercial mind of Great Britain is pondering the question of joining Calcutta and Canton by railway, and of pushing direct trade from Shanghai and the Pacific to the frontier of Thibet as well as Burmah. The brilliant young Margary lost his life in the first attempt in 1876, and the British Minister promptly demanded new trade concessions. In 1876, at the Chefoo convention, a British agent was allowed to reside at Chung-king in Szechuen province, and under this arrangement Mr. Hosie made his abode at this chief commercial city of the most interesting province in the Middle Kingdom. During 1882-3-4 he made long overland and river journeys through this part of China, about which Marco Polo has written much, and which is still inhabited largely by aboriginal tribes, different from the Chinese in origin, language, dress and customs. About five thousand miles of territory were travelled. Various and interesting were his adventures, keen and wide-sweeping his eye, and clever is his pen. To the well-told story is prefixed an introduction by Mr. Archibald Little, author of 'Through the Gorges of the Yang-tse Kiang.' He informs us that by a decree of the Chinese Government dated March 31, 1890, the great city of Chung-king, and consequently all the vast region of western China, are now open to American and European commercial enterprise.

While Mr. Hosie's prime object was to report on the conditions of trade, and to note the products of nature and art suitable for commerce, yet his pages show that he enjoyed beauty, novelty, fun, and all that interests a cultivated and sympathetic man, albeit one who has abundant animal spir-

* 1. *The Marquess of Dalhousie*. By Sir W. W. Hunter. (The Rulers of India.) 2. *Havelock*. By Archibald Forbes. (English Men of Action.) 60 cts. each. New York: Macmillan & Co.

** *Three Years in Western China*. By Alexander Hosie. London: George Philip & Son.

its, physical strength and keen sympathies. The white-wax industry, the Lolo people, the great monastery of O-mei, the salt wells, the pith-cutting or 'rice paper' industry, the cereals which are so abundant in some quarters as hardly to pay for the raising, the bronze and lacquer work, are all described in interesting style. A long appendix, treating of the Phó language, will interest linguists. The volume is published with all reasonable aids to the reader's enjoyment: maps, pictures, index, rich paper, good print and binding, all are here.

Balzac's "Fame and Sorrow"*

BALZAC'S GENIUS imitates the sun in now mirroring itself in the ocean of a great novel, now microscopically withdrawing itself within the chambered dewdrop of a tiny tale. Whether in ocean or dewdrop, it is difficult to tell where his genius is most affluent, for there is a superabundance, a power, a wealth of suggestiveness in his smallest imaginative work, which suggests the ocean itself. The six tales of this eleventh volume of the Wormeley translations are six chalices brimful of unctious for the uninterested, quivering with a play of beauty and sorrow that captivates at the very start. All are sad,—even terrible. In one Col. Chabert shows the sublimity of resignation to a fate undeserved. In another an artist winged with fire and caprice mates himself with a Parisienne whom he loves passionately for—a month, and then dismisses down the dismal lane of disillusioned women. The story of Chabert is as fine as anything in Æschylus, and has a Greek severity of outline, a keenness of logic, and a pathos in its climax worthy of the highest art. In 'The Purse' gentler elements come together and harmonize in an end beautiful and tranquil as a midsummer evening. 'The Atheist's Mass' is a Carlylesque glimpse of the great Revolution in which all Balzac's instinctive eloquence and objective force emerge, evoked like chemical ink before a flame. In 'La Grande Bretèche' the story of the walled-up lover is told with a Poe-like intensity that recalls the 'Tales of the Grotesque and the Arabesque.' Balzac's genius for enscening, one might say enthroning a great moment in human history, the single temptation that flashes meteor-like through the spirit and then is gone forever, a tragic and mighty experience on which hangs the fate of households,—the moment in which one soul is born to Paradise and another sinks into Hell,—was never more dramatically exposed than in this collection of short tales, two of which ('The Atheist's Mass' and 'La Grande Bretèche') have already appeared in Mr. Saltus's translations. Balzac seems to relieve himself in these vivid improvisations of the high pressure he was under in composing the longer and more elaborate scenes of his immense *Comédie Humaine*. They are lyric *intermezzi*,—often bursts of limpid and electrifying orchestration,—in between the choral harmonies of the greater books, whose streaming pomp and startling climax always needed high self-concentration as well as stated rest. The short tales were spiritual 'retreats' where his soul took breath and preened itself for more exalted flights.

"Dreamthorp"†

IT WAS SOMEWHERE in the fifties that Alexander Smith, a young Scotchman, surprised the English-reading world with an outburst of song that set the critics all a-flutter. Never was poet greeted so enthusiastically before. Reviewers vied with one another in applause. Even Tennyson and Mrs. Browning condescended to speak well of the new bard; agreeing, however, that he displayed fancy rather than imagination. Presently came a reaction. His second venture was received more coolly and cautiously. The usual cry of plagiarism arose. And when 'Edwin of Deira' appeared,—a poem which, though faulty through exuberance of sweet-

ness, has manifest beauties,—it was said to have been suggested by the Laureate's 'Idylls.' This charge, even if it were any disparagement, had no basis in fact, since 'Edwin' was begun two years before any hint of the 'Idylls' was made public. For his four years' labor on this fine poem—reprinted entire in *Harper's Monthly* for October, 1861—the author received less than a hundred dollars. Leaving then for a while the flowery but unremunerative fields of poetry, Mr. Smith betook himself to prose, and by his 'Dreamthorp,' 'A Summer in Skye,' and frequent contributions to the reviews and cyclopædias, proved himself a master of the essayist's art.

Nowhere can one find more delightful reading than the dozen papers brought together in this volume, for whose republication in so neat and convenient a shape Mr. Humphrey deserves the thanks of all book-lovers: 'Dreamthorp' is an inland village, nestling amid soft, green valleys whose tripping streams have no suspicion of the vast ocean far away,—a castle, a chapel, a lake, a straggling strip of gray houses with a blue film of smoke over all,—this is its picture; a place untouched by the railway's rush and smoke and clatter; where all is 'unhurried, quiet, moss-grown and orderly'; just the spot for a poet to muse away the summer hours. And here our author takes us with him as he sits upon a turret of the ruined castle, or floats about the lake, or lingers by the canal talking with the sleepy bargeman of the goings-on of the busy outer world; or, borrowing the keys of the clergyman, enters the village chapel on a weekday that he may, while in the mood, preach a sermon to himself. Here, too, we are admitted into his confidences, always charming, as he meditates on books and gardens, vagabonds, the importance of a man to himself, death and the fear of dying, the writing of essays, and similar congenial themes. 'The essayist,' says he, 'is a kind of poet in prose, and if questioned harshly as to his uses, he might be unable to render a better apology for his existence than a flower might.' Yet these essays are not mere dreamy nothings, or bits of tinted fragrance—they are alive with thoughts worth the thinking, and one is better and happier for a day's companionship with this sympathetic soul. Chaucer, and Montaigne, and our own Hawthorne, too, are made more fascinating by his appreciative criticism, and even Christmas receives fresh charm from his delicate fancy. Compare him who will to Lamb, or Hunt, or Irving—and a touch here and there may suggest these names,—he is distinct from each, and possesses an individuality that needs not to imitate or borrow.

Scheffel's "Ekkehard"*

IT IS MORE than thirty years since the appearance of Herr von Scheffel's famous novel, 'Ekkehard,' which produced a profound sensation in Germany, and from that time to this has been recognized as a classic. The present translation of this brilliant work is excellent and unidiomatic, the original beauties of style being to a great extent preserved. The preface—an essay upon the office of the historical novel—is graceful and profound; it exhibits the author in the rôle of a critic who, rebelling slightly against the dry-as-dust methods, prefers the poetical presentation of truth under a garb which is attractive as well as accurate. Not that the author would ignore the stern and unbending requirements of the historical conscience, but he would clothe the creature of the historian's toil and labor in garments which add to its beauty and attractiveness. No more brilliant and truthful picture of the age has ever been written: the waning yet still distinct influences of heathen rites and customs and heathen gods, the feudal spirit, the castle and the cloister, the prelate and the priest of that century which preceded the Carthusian reform,—the life, in a word, of the tenth century is portrayed with a pen directed by a scholar and an enthusiast.

* *Fame and Sorrow. With Other Stories.* By Honoré de Balzac. Translated by Katherine P. Wormeley. \$1.50. Boston: Roberts Bros.

† *Dreamthorp.* By Alexander Smith. \$1.25. Rochester, N. Y.: G. P. Humphrey.

* *Ekkehard.* From the German of Joseph von Scheffel. 2 vols. \$1.50. New York: W. S. Gottsberger & Co.

Having studied the records of St. Gall and inspired by his own poetic and chivalrous nature, drawing deep breaths of inspiration from the mountains and valleys of Switzerland, Herr von Scheffel, with Ranke's love for truth and with Schlegel's sentiment, wrote with a burning pen the history of Ekkehard, the Monk of St. Gall, the preceptor of the beautiful Hedwig, Duchess of Suabia. Those were times when the muscle and brawn of the knight put the calm seclusion of the monastery to shame, when the Huns, looking back to Atilla as the demigod of their race, overran the south of Germany and harried the Rhine country—burning, devastating, destroying, foes to State and Church alike, and eager only for booty. All of this magnificent chaos of life is portrayed with a fire and enthusiasm which rouses the reader, and must have put the author into a state of exaltation. The characters are drawn with vividness. The Greek girl Praxedis is a gem from Byzantium; the Abbot, the boy-goatherd, the Hun and his German wife, and the chief personages, Hedwig and Ekkehard, have an actuality which makes them living and breathing personalities. And when one reads the song of Walthari, that most ancient of the ancient songs of German mediæval times, how pale and colorless seems the romance of 'The Fairie Queen' in comparison with the superb strength and daring of the contestants. Few historical novels are so charming, few deserve so careful study.

Minor Notices

THERE HAS BEEN some dispute as to whether Shakespeare's indifference to the form in which his writings went before the reading world indicated a doubt as to their merit or an assurance of their inestimable worth. Did he feel that posterity would never care whether or no it possessed a pure text of the plays and poems? or that, the works themselves being immortal, it was not worth while to bother with such minor matters as students have puzzled their wits over any time these two hundred years? Whatever may have been the fact in Shakespeare's case, we doubt that Franklin set much store by 'Poor Richard's Almanac'—the annual which he compiled and printed from 1733 to 1758, and of which 141,257 copies were sold during the last fourteen years that 'Richard Saunders' continued his labors for the entertainment and instruction of the American yeomanry and townspeople. As a preface to the last edition, he 'assembled and formed into a connected discourse' the proverbs which had given the thing its marvellous vogue; and it is to this resetting of Poor Richard's sayings that their world-wide celebrity is due. The maxims, axioms and epigrams have been reprinted a thousand times, but never more neatly and tastefully than in the Knickerbocker Nuggets volume which Paul Leicester Ford dedicates to Lindsay Swift—a 'fellow-worker in the vineyards of Franklinian literature.' (\$1. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

IT IS A LONG WHILE since we came across a brighter or more enjoyable book of travel than 'A Social Departure,' by Sara Jeanette Duncan. It tells, to quote the second part of the title, 'how Orthodocia and I Went Round the World by Ourselves,' and the lively narrative is pleasantly supplemented by a hundred and more illustrations by F. H. Townsend. The dedication is as follows:—'This volume, as a slight tribute to the omnipotence of her opinion, and a humble mark of profoundest esteem, is respectfully dedicated to Mrs. Grundy.' That good lady's notions are nevertheless set at defiance from first to last by these merry travellers, who put a girdle round the earth if not with Puck's speed, at least with his keen sense of fun. Things that fall out preposterously please them, as they did him, in spite of temporary inconvenience and discomfort. The story is as good as a novel—as a very good novel,—and yet it 'looks like sooth.' Much of it, indeed, bears the proof of truthfulness on its face; and we are not sure that even the episode of Orthodocia's lover, whom she marries in the end, is fictitious. For what Lowell calls 'fireside travel' the book is most cordially to be commended—or, at this time of year, if seashore, sand, or rural nook takes the place of winter fireside. (\$1.75. D. Appleton & Co.)

MR. JOHN C. HURD has written a pamphlet on the old, old controversy between state rights and national sovereignty. It is entitled 'The Union-State' and is designed to maintain the right of the Union to coerce a rebellious State. Mr. Hurd holds that the Union consists of States and not of individuals, but that the Union possesses absolute supremacy. He also endeavors to show that

the separate States never were really sovereign, but that the Union was sovereign from the 4th of July, 1776. This view of the Federal Union as consisting of States is not new, having been maintained by various writers, including Austin in his work on jurisprudence; but the historical part of Mr. Hurd's theory is different from that of any other that we have met with. For our part, we do not regard the historical origin of the Union as the criterion of its rights or powers, which are just what the Constitution declares them to be; and the clause asserting the supremacy of the Federal Constitution and laws over the whole land is ample authority for coercing a rebellious State. But this is a question which has been practically settled forever. (D. Van Nostrand Co.)

THE BOY OR GIRL—if such there chance to be—who is not familiar with the oft-told stories of Palissy, Watt, the Stephensons, Whitney, Goodyear, and the rest, now has a fresh opportunity in George M. Towle's 'Heroes and Martyrs of Invention.' Though rather meagre in detail, and not especially graphic in the presentation of incidents that have been used more skilfully by others, these sketches are sufficiently attractive to hold the attention and stimulate the curiosity of youthful readers. But have not these old worthies done duty long enough, and are there not a score of living 'heroes' whose careers are just as well adapted to point a moral, and to incite to habits of thrift and perseverance? (\$1. Lee & Shepard.)—SOME TIME SINCE the Supreme Court of Wisconsin decided that, according to the State Constitution, the Bible could not be used as a book of religious instruction in the public schools of that State. This decision has given rise to much discussion, one of the contributions to which, entitled 'The Bible in the Public Schools,' by Joseph H. Crooker, now lies before us. It is written in support of the Court's decision, and takes the ground that all religious instruction ought to be excluded from the public schools. The argument is not confined to the constitutional question, but is based on the broad ground that the American State is a purely secular organization, and consequently that it ought not to teach any religious doctrine whatever. How far this theory is sound it is not our purpose to inquire; but those who are interested in the question will find the secular side of it presented with great frankness and some ability in Mr. Crooker's pamphlet. (Madison, Wis.: State Journal Printing Co.)

MR. GEORGE T. BALCH, auditor of the Board of Education of New York City, has published a queer book on 'Methods of Teaching Patriotism in the Public Schools.' He is much afraid that our young people will grow up unpatriotic, and that the mass of foreigners among us will not acquire that love of American institutions and ideas that they ought to have; and he has concocted a plan by which, as he thinks, the sentiment of patriotism may be instilled into their minds. He proposes that every teacher and every student in the public schools shall wear a badge bearing the United States coat-of-arms, and that national flags of convenient size shall be given the pupils as rewards of merit. Moreover, each school and each class is to have its flag; and every morning the pupils are to greet it with a military salute, with accompaniment of life and drum. Mr. Balch advances this scheme with full faith in its efficacy; and indeed, if this were a military government—one that spent its hundred millions annually in supporting an effective instead of a superannuated army,—there would be something very appropriate in this matutinal greeting to the emblem of nationality. (\$1.50. D. Van Nostrand Co.)

'SPECULATIVE AND THEOLOGICAL ESSAYS' is the title which Prof. Masson gives to Vol. VIII. in the series of 'The Collected Writings of Thomas de Quincey.' In all the papers included between the red covers is a sufficient tinge of the speculative or metaphysical to justify their admission under the editor's title. They abound also in those 'passages of fine phantasy, so peculiarly De Quincey's, which can be detached from his writings, whatever the context, and admired by themselves as literary gems.' From the editor's preface we gather the impression that these essays have been less read by clergymen in England than in the United States. Both in his essay on Protestantism and his postscript on 'The System of the Heavens as Revealed by Lord Rosse's Telescope,' De Quincey has written powerful and searching words on inspiration, which are as worthy of perusal to-day as forty-three years ago. Even if they have not 'received the amount of attention that might have been expected,' it is certain that not a few American readers have deeply pondered them. Besides such essays as 'Miracles as Subjects of Testimony,' 'Christianity as an Organ of Political Movement,' 'Casuistry,' 'War,' 'Suicide,' and 'Modern Superstition,' there is the fascinating study of Judas Iscariot. In this De Quincey argues ably in favor of the rehabilitation of Judas, as of one who knew not the consequences of his betrayal of Christ, as of a man

smitten with remorse; taking also the view of some German theologians that the expression, 'his bowels gushed out,' refer figuratively to mental distress and not to physical rupture of the abdomen. In a word, this special volume is of the highest interest to preachers and students of the Bible and of religion. A full-page plate of the great nebula in Orion is prefixed to this volume, the successor to which is to deal with Political Economy and Politics. We notice, by the way, in *The Academy* of July 12, that Mrs. Florence Baird-Smith, De Quincey's daughter, makes reply to Mr. Saintsbury's imputation of untruthfulness to De Quincey, in *Macmillan's Magazine* for June. (\$1.25. Macmillan & Co.)

NUMBER VIII. of the pretty Riverside Library for Young People is 'Girls and Women,' by E. Chester, who has managed to convey much good advice on a variety of subjects in a readable manner. In the matter of hygiene she recommends fresh air and tells how to secure it in-doors and out, tells how to avoid colds, has some good ideas upon exercise, and tells what are the most easily digestible foods for most people. Under the head of 'A Practical Education' she discourses on reading, cooking and sewing. She is inclined to think that 'most unmarried women, as well as many who are married, should support themselves.' Teaching, lodging-house keeping, book-keeping, and embroidery are mentioned; but it is evident that the writer prefers teaching, or knows most about it. Rich girls are not forgotten; they are provided with a set of occupations, and counselled about natural history studies, women's clubs, culture, charity and bric-à-brac. There are chapters on 'The Essentials of a Lady,' and 'The Essentials of a Home.' 'Emotional Women' are told how to guard against their emotions; and the book ends with a good word for the departing generation of womankind, who were brought up without any such aid as it affords. (75 cts. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

'THE ESSENCE OF GOLF,' says Mr. Andrew Lang, 'is the striking by two parties, each of his own ball, to a series of given points—in Golf "holes."' Mr. Lang writes the history of Golf in the volume of the Badminton Library devoted to the game. The name he would derive from the German *kolbe*, 'club.' By pictures from old Dutch tiles and Gothic illuminations, he shows the game to be very different from the Dutch game of *kolf*, from which, however, it has probably sprung. The intermediate stage, called *chole*, still survives in Belgium and northern France. As for the Scotch golf, Mary Stewart played it after Darnley's death, and James XI. put a prohibitive duty on Dutch golf-balls. Golf was a royal game. In 1503 the King charged his loyal Scots 2*l.* 2*s.*, the expense of a game of golf with the Earl of Bothwell. 'Probably he had a bet on,' says Mr. Lang, for the Royal club and balls cost only nine shillings. Other chapters convey elementary instructions, recommendations to adepts, and hints to cricketers who are taking up golf. Lord Wellwood claims for the game that it affords, as few other games do, sufficient yet moderate exercise for both young and old. He has also something to say in favor of betting. H. G. Hutchinson beats Mr. Lang's definition. He calls golf the art of 'putting little balls into little holes with instruments very ill-adapted for the purpose,' adding that 'the victory is to him who achieves the object with the least number of strokes.' He compares the old-fashioned rude golf-clubs, 'fossils of the past,' with the neat and elegant modern implements. Mr. Balfour treats us to 'The Humours of Golf,' which are caviare to the general reader. There is a complete set of rules of the game, an index, many portraits of celebrated golfers, diagrams, and other illustrations, with a picture of the club-house at St. Andrews, as a frontispiece. (\$3.50. Little, Brown & Co.)

MR. FRANK VINCENT, the author of 'Around and About South America,' has added another prepositional title to his books, and given us 'In and Out of Central America.' The 'out' certainly deserves so to be called, as it means Cambodia and Siam, among other places not 'in.' As in his foregoing volume, Mr. Vincent is more of a traveller than a student either of nature or man or institutions, and his work must bring a certain disappointment to those who have outgrown the taste for an old-fashioned book of travels—a sort of amplified guide-book. Still, the travellers are few who do Central America even along the fringe and on the surface, in Mr. Vincent's style, and in the dearth of more thorough and philosophical writing on his subject, his book must be accorded the distinction of the one-eyed in the kingdom of the blind. He certainly must be credited with accuracy—as far as he goes,—and with a commendably simple and straightforward style. (\$2. D. Appleton & Co.)—WE ACKNOWLEDGE the receipt from the State Board of Charities of a copy of their Annual Report for 1889. (Albany: State Printer.)

THE AMERICAN ECONOMIC ASSOCIATION has issued a pamphlet containing two essays on the commercial importance of canals, which will have an interest for some of our readers. The first paper, by Prof. E. J. James, on 'The Canal and the Railroad,' is designed to show the comparative advantages and disadvantages of the two methods of transportation. The author begins by noting the importance of canals before railways were introduced, and then goes on to show that even now some articles, especially those of great weight or bulk, can be more economically carried by canal than by rail. He also shows that the public mind is beginning to awake to this fact, and that in some European countries the canals are growing rapidly in use and in public favor. The other essay is by Lewis M. Haupt, on 'Canals and their Economic Relation to Transportation.' It is written from the standpoint of the civil engineer, and presents some interesting facts in regard to the comparative cost of canal carriage and its availability for the commerce of the future. Both authors believe that canals are destined to increase in importance, and both advocate a somewhat extensive development of the canal system of the United States. Their views are perhaps a little rose-colored; yet there is no doubt that there is still work for the canals to do. (\$1. Baltimore: American Economic Association.)

AT THE dedication of the fine new publishing and mission building of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Fifth Avenue and Twentieth Street, New York, and the celebration of the Centennial of the Methodist Book Concern, various exercises were held and addresses were made. A brief historical record of the celebration has been put into permanent form, and the memorial volume is an attractive one of seventy-eight pages. It seems that the first book issued by the 'Concern' (on August 17, 1789, at 43 Fourth Street, Philadelphia) was John Wesley's abridged translation of Thomas à Kempis's 'Imitation of Christ.' The final chapter, on 'Methodist Literature,' by the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, is of great interest to the general literary student, who likes to know what the people read. May the great 'Concern' celebrate many centennials. (Hunt & Eaton.)—MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS'S 'Recollections of General Grant' have been reprinted in a pretty little pamphlet which will go into an ordinary pocket. These reminiscences are well worth two or three readings, and without doubt will aid the future historian. (Philadelphia: Office of the Ledger.)

'NELLIE BLY'S BOOK: Around the World in 72 Days' is the title of the narrative of a young lady who beat Phineas Fogg's record by eight days, making a call upon Jules Verne on the way, and losing five days by delay through no fault of her own. One gets a high idea of the peace and civilization of the world after reading this account of the latest globe-traveller who has put her experience in print. There are many bright pages in the book, and Nellie Bly discourses most sensibly on many subjects, one of which is on the manifest superiority, and advantage to 'unprotected females' of the American as compared with the English railway car. There are a dozen illustrations or so, including a capital picture of Jules Verne. Some of the things described as having been seen read wonderfully like having been read about rather than actually witnessed; yet the bright eyes of this newspaper writer saw a wonderful variety of earth's phenomena while moving round the globe at the average rate of twenty-two miles an hour. The volume includes a few pages less than three hundred and is well printed. (New York: Pictorial Weeklies Co.)

A RECENT ISSUE in Bohn's Reference Library is a new—but apparently unrevised—edition of Thompson Cooper's Biographical Dictionary, in two volumes. These 1440 pages of fine print seem to have something about almost everybody of whom one has ever heard, and thousands whose names are unfamiliar. Still, the principle of excluding all living characters, and the fact that the work, although published in 1890, is written up only to the close of 1882, make conspicuous the absence of such notabilities as Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Grant, Bright, Froude, Lowell, and others, whose lives are a part of the history of the last decade. The notices are brief, and are generally confined to facts and dates. The editor occasionally quotes Macaulay, Hallam, or other judicious authorities, but rarely intrudes an opinion or criticism of his own. Natives of the 'tight little isle' have, of course, the preference, though due attention is shown to outsiders. Americans receive fair treatment, and slips such as the statement that 'Washington resigned his office in 1796' are not many; though it may be questioned whether Wilkes Booth deserves the space given him—nearly equal to that devoted to David Garrick, or to Abraham Lincoln. (\$4. Scribner & Welford.)

Magazine Notes

THE August *Scribner's* is called a 'Fiction Number,' and there is little else than fiction in it; but that little is note-worthy. Mr. Edward Marston's account of 'How Stanley Wrote His Book' being particularly timely and readable. Stanley showed his pluck and determination as much in writing this *magnum opus* as in penetrating to the heart of Africa, the former task calling for as much self-denial and mental concentration as the latter demanded of nerve and endurance. Mr. Marston makes an interesting story of the writing, and his anecdotes of the renowned explorer are at once amusing and characteristic. Mr. Bell's illustrations, made on the spot, would seem to prove that Stanley is as great a smoker as was Gen. Grant, for in every picture he is represented with a cigar between his fingers. The fiction of the number is as varied in kind as it is profuse in quantity, the capital newspaper story by Richard Harding Davis and Mr. Bunner's ingenious 'Sentimental Annex' being as different as two stories could well be. There is other spice in this dish of fiction, however, than that of mere variety. As for the poetry of the number, it is necessarily good when two such graceful poets as Andrew Lang and Thomas Bailey Aldrich are responsible for any part of it. The Paris of the Three Musketeers, by Mr. and Mrs. Blashfield, gives with pen and pencil new life to Dumas's always interesting story.

Mr. Edward Atkinson publishes in *The Popular Science Monthly* the first of two important articles on the revision of the tariff, under the title 'Common Sense applied to the Tariff Question.' He regards the laying of duties and excises as a business matter, and his article is detailed in its discussion of the business considerations which should govern the direction that tariff-reform is to take. Seasonableness may be claimed for an article on 'Ancient and Modern Ideas of Hell,' by Frederik A. Fernald, who calls attention to the Scandinavian notion of the Goddess Hel's abode—a cold, dark and dismal cavern. An illustrated account of the Missions and Mission Indians of California is contributed by Henry W. Henshaw, who represents the rule of the priests as more conducive to the numerical growth of the Church and the profit of the missions than to the welfare of the Indians. A picture of 'Ramona' and her children standing at the door of her hut is one of the illustrations. The opening illustrated paper in the August *Magazine of American History*, on 'Historic Houses and Revolutionary Letters,' by Robert Ludlow Fowler, contains extracts from hitherto unpublished letters and documents relating to stormy scenes in the most exciting period of our country's annals, with a bright thread of family history—that of the Ellisons—running through them. The second article, 'Glimpses of Log-cabin Life in Early Ohio,' by Emanuel Spencer, shows another phase of American life. The 'Prospectus of the First American Edition of Shakespeare' appears in Minor Topics.

The most notable article in the August *Arena* is Prof. N. S. Shaler's paper on 'The Economic Future of the New South,' which holds that the associated labor of blacks and whites has removed the worst dangers of the political situation, and that the iron and coal resources of this section will supply the machinery and tools needed by the vast material development of South America and Africa. Emily Krimpin, LL.D., in 'Hypnotism and its Relations to Jurisprudence,' takes the extreme ground that the State ought to have control of it either as a moral or physical agent. 'Domestic Infelicity of Literary Women' is treated sensibly by Marion Harland; James Realf, Jr., writes enthusiastically of Rufus Choate; Prof. J. Rhodes Buchanan has direful predictions of 'The Coming Cataclysm of America and Europe,' and Peri Ander takes a pessimistic view of 'Our Foreign Immigration.' 'The Shadow of the Noose' is a sensational story by Ferdinand C. Valentine. 'Notes on Living Problems' are contributed by Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, Hugh O. Pentecost, Rev. Henry Blanchard, and H. C. Royce.

The Lounger

AN OUTCRY HAS BEEN raised in some quarters because the Postmaster-General has decided not to permit Tolstoy's 'Kreutzer Sonata' to circulate through the mails. Much of this outcry is due, no doubt, to political hostility to Mr. Wanamaker; and yet, though I am anything but a Wanamakerite myself, I trust the Post Office Department may succeed in its effort to suppress the book. The *Times* argues that Mr. Wanamaker should consider Tolstoy's motive in writing the book, before condemning it as an improper work to go through the mails. It also observes that the author is a man of genius. Now I admit that Tolstoy is a great man, and also that his motive in writing 'The Kreutzer Sonata' may have been most exemplary; but these are questions for the literary critic, rather than the censor, to consider. I believe the book to be harmful in its effect, quite independently of its gifted

author's aim, and the effect is the only question the Post Office Department has to heed. To say that in certain passages Shakespeare and the Bible are 'immoral,' in a sense, is not enough to shield this story of Tolstoy's. The objectionable passages here are not incidental: they are of the book's essence. Obscenity (as Whitman once said of the dyspepsia in Carlyle's writings) 'is to be traced in every page, and now and then fills the page.' To my notion 'The Kreutzer Sonata,' without for a moment 'making vice attractive,' is calculated to do no end of harm. Mr. Wanamaker's attitude toward the book has helped its sale, of course; but if pernicious literature is to be excluded from the United States mails, I do not see how he could take any other course than that which he has adopted.

I WAS INCLINED to be skeptical in speaking recently of the price (\$25,000) reported to have been paid by Harry Deakin for the 'American rights' in Sir Edwin Arnold's 'Light of the World,' but from what I have since heard I am more inclined to credit the statement. Sir Edwin offered his poem to certain American publishers for \$30,000 but as there is no copyright to protect them they were rather shy about paying so much money for a thing that they could not own. Mr. Deakin seems to think that he will be able to copyright the poem by having it interlined by an American poet. I hope that he may, but pirates are hard fellows to fight.

IT IS USUALLY considered a misfortune for a writer to have an ugly or insignificant name. There is Knatchbull-Hugessen, for instance; could one imagine such a name signed to a sonnet or a tale of love? Who could admire the poems of a gentleman—or lady—by the name of Stubbings? or weep at the pathos of a Shanks? Such unromantic names as these would seem rather to stand in the light of authorship; and yet when a writer is born to a fanciful name, it is sometimes received with the sneer of doubt. Not long ago I noticed in the *Tribune* a 'fling' at the name of a young lady who writes some of the cleverest short stories that are printed in the magazines to-day. The writer of the paragraph has, however, made the *amende honorable*, in these words:—'The *Tribune*, in some comments on the rather poetical name of a new writer of much talent, has been unjust to the owner of that name. It hastens, therefore, to make known the fact, communicated by the clever writer herself, that Viola Roseboro is not a pseudonym, but her own rightful name.' Is the author's name a pseudonym, or her very own? is a question often asked in this connection. So the *Tribune* was not alone in its skepticism on the subject.

THE GOLDEN ROD is the choice of 81,308 school-children of New York who have sent their votes for a state flower to the Department of Public Instruction. The Rose ran it a close race, coming second, with 79,666. The Daisy was a poor third—33,603. The Golden Rod was the Lounger's original choice.

IN THE JULY *Century* Joe Jefferson tells how he came to play 'Rip Van Winkle' in London, in 1865. On his arrival he had met Dion Boucicault, to whose inquiry as to his intentions he replied that he meant to act if he saw an opening.

'What material have you got?' said he. I replied that I had a great part in an indifferent play, 'Rip Van Winkle.' Boucicault did not seem to fancy the selection, thinking the subject stale, but we talked the matter over and soon came to terms. He undertook to rewrite the drama for a consideration agreed upon between us. He never seemed to think much of his own labor in this play; but I did, and do still, with good reason.

ANOTHER VERSION of the same incident was related by Mr. Boucicault in THE CRITIC of April 7, 1883, apropos of Irving's hundredth birthday. The London managers wouldn't give Mr. Jefferson a chance to appear in any play but a new one, and the 'Rip' which he had played in Australia they refused. 'It was hopelessly undramatic.' So Boucicault took down Irving's story and read it, and then wrote the play as it stands to-day, and turned it over to Jefferson.

He read it, and when he met me, I said: 'It is a poor 'hing, Joe.' 'Well,' he replied, 'it is good enough for me.' It was produced. Three or four weeks afterward he called on me, and his first words were: 'You were right about making Rip a young man. Now I could not conceive and play him in any other shape.' How small a thing is a seed, yet how grand a tree springs from an acorn. Irving supplied the seed without which the dramatist would have been barren, and Jefferson would have possibly remained a statue without a pedestal—prostrate, unrecognized, and unknown.

Mr. Boucicault hardly speaks for the whole world when he ventures the opinion that, but for 'Rip,' Mr. Jefferson might to-day have been 'unknown'; and surely he cannot think that he himself would have been 'barren' of good plays but for Irving's story.

LITERARY FOLK (*genus irritabile*) are notoriously nervous, and that Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward should be driven from building on the site of her choice by the proximity of a whistling buoy is not at all strange. I should not like to say how often my own ideas have been scattered to the winds by the appearance of a whistling boy under my window, and I am not an author—merely a journalist, who should be able to write in any and all circumstances; so if a whistling boy on the street drives me distracted, it is no wonder that a whistling buoy in the ocean near her proposed home should be too much for the nerves of the author of 'Gates Ajar.' The place chosen by Mrs. Ward for her country home was at Eastern Point, Gloucester, Mass. It was on this particular spot that her most famous book—the one above mentioned—was written, and it is unfortunate that she is unable to keep its memory green by making her home there. Mrs. Ward, now that I think of it, is peculiarly sensitive to discordant sounds. She was, if I mistake not, driven from her cottage at Washington, D. C., by the cackling of her neighbor's chickens under her study window. Here again she has my deepest sympathy. My life was made miserable last summer by the proximity of a poultry-yard to the window at which I sat to write paragraphs for this column. I spent more time, I should say, in hurling ink-bottles and anathemas at the heads—or tails—of the chickens than in writing (for which my readers should, perhaps, be duly grateful). It wasn't enough that a hen that had laid an egg should feel so proud of her achievement as to cackle over it; but the roosters, too, must needs lift up their voices and add to the din. A stick of wood from the hearth, or an iron paper-weight, thrown into the midst of the brood, only made matters worse; for then fear but made their cries the lustier. The man or woman who is never nervous cannot sympathize with Mrs. Ward, but I can.

SAMSON'S STRENGTH lay in the hair of his head: that of the patent-medicine man lies in his beard. I wonder why it is that no advertisement of a cure-all is complete without a portrait of the full-bearded quack who concocted it. Sometimes the hair is black, sometimes white; but whether the humbug be middle-aged or old, he wears always the same kind of beard—a full and flowing one of patriarchal mould. Does the credulous purchaser of sure-cures and panaceas really put greater faith in a man who masks his face than in one who shaves it, or wears only a mustache or side-whiskers? Or is the beard simply a conventional badge, like the nurse's cap or the coachman's cockade?

PHILIP G. HUBERT, JR., who has written so attractively of country life in 'Liberty and a Living,' has an article in a recent number of *The Epoch* with the enticing title 'Tents are Cheap, and the Beach is Free.' In this article Mr. Hubert extends an invitation to the heated inhabitant of this steam-dried, sun-baked city to buy a tent and camp out on the Long Island coast for a month at least.

In most places clams and some fish can be had for the trouble of taking them from the water. Drift-wood is to be found in such quantities all along the Long Island shore that fuel need cost nothing. With a kettle, a few pans, a bag of oatmeal and some groceries, any small family might be independent of the butcher and grocer. There might be stormy days when the tent would be damp, but as a rule July and August have more sunny days than rainy ones.

What about beds, Mr. Hubert? I for one am a slave to a good mattress. I am not romantic enough to sleep on pine-boughs and find them comfortable. It takes a poet to do that, or a poet's wife, and I am only a plodder in prose. Hammocks might serve for a while, for they are so made nowadays that they lie almost flat and are as wide as a single bed. I can imagine that one might find a great deal of pleasure in this out-of-door life, and lay in a good stock of health for the winter campaign. It is an agreeable picture that Mr. Hubert paints.

Is this luxury, this lying on the sea-beach, and watching the waves, with an occasional dip into a book and a still more occasional scribble upon a pad which I use because loose sheets of paper blow away—is this so very expensive that none but the rich can hope to enjoy it? It costs money to go to Europe or to Newport, or to sail a yacht, but what does this life cost? I do not think that one-tenth of the people who would find health and enjoyment for themselves and their little ones in such an outing as I am now taking realize how little it may be made to cost.

MR. WATTS'S recently completed portrait of Lord Tennyson in his robes as D. C. L., has been given to Trinity College, Cambridge, of which the poet is a graduate, and will be preserved there as the last portrait made of him—which Tennyson has declared it shall be. Mr. Watts has probably put upon canvas a greater number of famous faces than any other living Englishman.

London Letter

LADIES' COLLEGES have never taken hold in England as they have in America. There is something repugnant alike to the prejudices and pocket of the British paterfamilias in the notion of a prolonged feminine education. He is alive to the necessity of paying school bills, or a governess's salary; but he considers that when Sweet Seventeen has begun to tuck up her curls, and lengthen her skirts to the full limit, she has had as much teaching as she requires. In many, nay, in most cases, he is doubtless right. There comes a moment in a girl's life when she should have done with French verbs and dictionaries, with history, geography, and arithmetic, for the nonce; and should simply poise her wings—if so she may,—and float awhile in the glorious sunshine of her new birth into the outer world. The stern facts of existence will soon enough begin to press around, clamoring for recognition; wherefore there is a general feeling amongst those of us who know what these are, that it is well for tender youth to pause awhile, and drink a joyous draught of pure unconcern and *insouciance* before another step be taken onward.

Here and there, however, one meets with a born student among a family of maidens. She longs to know, to study, to pore over learned tomes, and stray into strange fields of literature. It would be foolish, and more, it would be in vain, to thwart her. The bent of the mind is too strong; and all that remains for the wise parent or guardian to do, is to give it full swing, under careful protection and authority.

For such an one, Holloway College, among the Surrey Hills, and overlooking from its vantage ground wide stretches of one of the most beautiful and fertile of English counties, must be a species of Elysium. I paid the college a visit the other day, and must be allowed to say a few words about it. Being only three years old, it is not yet so well known as it soon will be. It was founded, endowed, and in North Country phrase 'done for' throughout, by the late Mr. Holloway, of pill and ointment fame. But unromantic as this may sound, that this generous gentleman was the possessor of a gifted and highly cultivated mind is apparent everywhere. The cloisters, the gardens, the magnificent picture-gallery—his own collection—all attest to his love of the beautiful. His liberality, moreover, has been quite unbounded in every direction. Not only has he built a magnificent structure, containing ample accommodation for 250 students, together with lecturers, and a large establishment of servants (and be it noted that every student has a separate study, as well as bedroom), but he has endowed the college so nobly that fellowships are as rife as blackberries; while even if none of these should be taken, the entire fee, including *everything*, for a year's residence, amounts to only ninety pounds. No students under seventeen are admitted; but amongst the candidates for examination whom I saw at Holloway the other day, there were many who were confessedly some months younger, but who would complete their full tale of years before the term at which they meant to enter the desired precincts.

We were entertained in the great hall of the building by a courteous lady lecturer (a daughter of the late witty and learned Lord Neaves, one of the most brilliant judges who ever presided at the Scottish Bar), and while a merry five-o'clock tea was going on,—for Holloway is 'At Home' on one afternoon in the week, and entertaining all sorts of visitors,—we had full information given us regarding the collegiate course. It lasts three years; it is usually entered upon by young ladies who themselves design to instruct by-and-by—though here and there are girls of superior rank, some indeed of very high rank, who have been drawn thither from the pure love of the thing; and as it is presumed that all have a very real and earnest intention of working, little or no supervision on this head is given, and only a few very mild rules are enforced. Silence in the corridors has to be maintained during certain hours, whilst each one is busy within her own sanctum; but at other periods, every sort of healthful sport and recreation is indulged in. Indeed, no young blood, however ascetic, could resist being tempted to be much out-of-doors in that sweet Surrey air. Looking back upon the peaceful domain, with its flowering terraces and waving woods, I could but wish I were a girl again to become a denizen thereof.

Sir Frederick Leighton, in his speech at the new Institute at Manchester the other day, seems to have been hearkened to with much appreciation. Naturally he insisted strongly upon the use and influence of art; further, he exhorted his hearers to 'bring before the youth of the town the best obtainable products of industrial art—the best works produced by the best workmen,'—and he added that 'the work of a man's hand, warm, so to speak, from his touch, stimulates us incomparably more than a reproduction, however, perfect.' This is so true, that some of us are beginning to wonder a little how it is that we do not find the President of the Royal Academy more stimulative in his own works. Is it not an open

secret that there are people foolish and ignorant enough to be satisfied with a single glance at the mass of smooth pink and cream surface which denotes a 'Sir Frederick'? We fear there are, and not a few, neither.

Mr. William Heineman, the young publisher who started off at right angles from 'Trübner's,' when 'Trübner's' was 'disestablished,' is doing marvellously well in single harness. Mr. Edmund Gosse edits the International Library for him, and that in itself is a token for good; while in other respects, he has scored several of the successes of the season.

Mr. Spencer Blackett is also 'in' with many of the best authors, and turns out his books in a style second to none. Mr. Blackett is an instance of the 'printer's ink in the veins' theory. He began life as a very young cavalry officer in the twenty-first Hussars,—and, I may add, looks every inch the hussar still; but the outlook in our Army for young men at the present date is not inviting; and publishing pays, say what publishers will. Mr. Blackett 'reverted to his mutton,' and did so with an inherent ability and resolution which brought its due reward of success.

How does Mr. Jerome K. Jerome like the recent advent on the scene of the newer London darling, fresh from the East? He must be a sweet-tempered man if he likes it at all, for a few months ago the author of 'Idle Thoughts' was having it all his own way, and now—! Nevertheless, 'Three Men in a Boat' will live; it is too good to be let die. With the Thames Season now beginning it will take a fresh lease; and doubtless there are thousands who are preparing boats and flannels for the long, lazy afternoons in store, who will revel in the easy fun and spontaneous, infectious good humor of its author, whilst to the same readers 'The Gadsbys' and 'Plain Tales' would be only half intelligible.

The controversy between Mr. Oswald Crauford and Mr. Beer-bohm Tree in *The Fortnightly*, anent stage management—for after all that is the real point at issue,—is carried on with the spirit of conviction on both sides. Mr. Crauford considers that the prevailing fashion of having actor-managers for our theatres is highly detrimental if not absolutely ruinous to the stage. With many words and deductions he presses his point; but I must confess to finding a pithy response in the simple list of actor-managers with which Mr. Tree arms himself. Nearly, if not quite, every revered histrionic name is to be found upon this list, and if that be not a good answer, I wonder what would be? Who can say that the drama did not flourish under the Kembles, Garrick, Macready, Booth, Kean, Sheridan, Macklin? Yet every single one of these was the head and front, the centre, the apex, of every play performed during his management. As a matter of fact, Mr. Tree, who writes temperately and lucidly, shows that where the manager of the theatre is also the leading actor of the piece, there is far greater likelihood of the latter's being in every way of superior intellectual and dramatic value, than if it were simply chosen by a personage having no character to gain nor lose as regarded histrionic art, and simply catering for the public with a view to making his livelihood.

A charmingly got up little volume from Messrs. Griffiths & Farren lately reached me, yclept 'Boy.' 'Boy' himself, certainly, is not a very original nor distinctive character: we have had 'boy' nearly done to the death lately, between Mrs. Ewing, Miss Florence Montgomery, and lastly Mrs. Burnett,—but there are undeniably some bright things and some good things in the little volume just issued. The best is the comment of the hero over the cradle of his sleeping baby brother. 'Oh, baby, baby,' he thus apostrophises the unconscious infant. 'It was a pity, a very great pity, that you weren't born a puppy; for baby, I know you can't help it, so I'm not blaming you, baby, only I can't help telling you, baby, as you're asleep and can't hear, that you're as nasty a looking little beastie as I have ever seen.' If 'Boy' had had a few more such infamous outbursts, the book would have been livelier.

One of the most successful of the literary gatherings of the season was given on Thursday last by that quaint little club known as 'Ye Odde Volumes.' This was held at the Grosvenor Gallery, and as the invitations were strictly limited to three hundred, there was none of the crowd and crush of some of the former *conversaciones*. Very pleasant it all was; and the little play, which had been specially written for the occasion, was performed with spirit and received with appreciation,—but, alas! the thunderstorm which raged in and around London for several hours that evening, and was especially severe just at the time when the guests were assembling, forbade the presence of many of us who had long distances to traverse. The rain fell in blinding sheets, and the lightning was so blue and vivid that we could not face it. Last summer London was visited by several very severe thunderstorms, but the one of Thursday night was the first of any consequence we have had this season.

* These are only a few taken from the list.

'His Oddship,' as the President of the Society of 'Ye Odde Volumes' is termed, was out of luck in having such a night for his turn, but he was more fortunate when the club entertained at dinner earlier in the year. These festive little literary clubs are gaining ground in London.

LONDON, Wednesday, July 23, 1890.

L. B. WALFORD.

Women in Journalism

WE ARE PERMITTED to publish the following letter from a woman who is in journalism to one who has written to her for advice:—

MY DEAR MISS —: In my opinion, if you will allow me to speak frankly, it is very wrong to 'enter journalism,' if one means by that, as one usually does, merely to write for the newspapers when one has nothing in particular to say. There is another thing, which might pass under the same name but is a totally different matter; and that is, to first obtain definite and matured opinions in regard to a large number of subjects which have an immense effect upon the welfare of human beings and which, in a general way, fall under the head of political economy, and then to enforce one's opinions by vigorous argument in the press.

There is hardly a single issue of a single newspaper in which the most erroneous opinions in regard to vital matters do not find expression. There is not a single missionary field upon which a woman can enter that is more promising or more important than that of establishing among plain people throughout the country the habit of thinking clearly and soundly on the thousand and one questions on which they are forced to give their opinion, either directly or indirectly, by their vote. A woman who holds a ready pen and who is so fortunate as not to be obliged to rush into journalism for her support, should feel, it seems to me, a strong sense of obligation, first, to fit herself for entering journalism, and then, if she still feels the desire to do so, to enter it as a very sacred calling.

To do that, I should advise her to devote two years to the thorough study of political economy (at, say, Bryn Mawr, or Cornell, or the Harvard Annex, or the School of political Science at Columbia College, or the University of Pennsylvania). There is hardly a single subject upon which one can write, in these days, outside of pure literature, without doing more harm than good, unless one has laid a solid foundation for sound thinking in the fundamental principles of political economy, and any young woman would do a very wise and prudent thing, in my opinion, if she were to expend her entire patrimony, if necessary, in laying this foundation, and to trust to recovering it afterwards by her writings. There is no trouble in getting into journalism after one is prepared, but if one is not prepared, the getting in is a matter of mere luck, and there is very little satisfaction to be had out of it after one is in. I hope you will not think me a scold, and I should be very glad if you would let me know what you think of this.

Very truly yours,

* * *

Subtile—Subtle

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Can any authorities on good English inform us why, according to Webster, and other dictionary authorities, 'subtle' is so almost universally misused for 'subtile,' even by good writers? Is it due to carelessness on the part of writers, or is it a perversity of printers so to spell it? Webster gives ('Academic Dictionary'):

Subtile. Thin; rare. Nice; fine; delicate. Acute; piercing. Re-fined:—SYN. Acute. In *acute* the image is that of a needle's point; in *subtile* that of a thread spun out to extreme fineness. . . . *Acuteness* guards against error; *subtlety* carries forward our investigations into tenuous and recondite truths.

Subtle [Contr. fr. *subtile*]. Sly; artful; cunning. Cunningly devised.

In Stormonth & Phelps' dictionary is given substantially the definition of Webster; then, in addition:—

Subtle [the same as *subtile*, which see]. Sly, cunning, etc. . . . NOTE. The spellings *subtile* and *subtle*, in the senses of the preceding two entries, were indifferently employed by good writers of former times. The modern practice is to restrict the senses to the spellings as in the text.

According to which the following, from books lately read, are incorrect:—

Here is a new development in the distinction between sacred and profane instruments, and a very *subtle* distinction it is (p. 283). HAMERTON, 'FRENCH AND ENGLISH.'

Tone and harmony, as applied to color, indicate that there is a *subtle* connection between sound and color, however dim and intangible.' W. W. STORY, 'CONVERSATIONS IN A STUDIO.'

That it was in truth too *subtle* a distinction for practice is shown by Sir Thomas More himself (p. 498). A *subtlety* like this, a distinction in words which suggests no difference of thought (p. 497). 3. 'There are other differences between our American accent and that of the English which are as yet too fleeting and *subtle* to admit of definition. MARSH, 'LECTURES ON THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.'

There is not the least doubt that in all these cases 'nice, fine' is meant, and not 'sly' or 'cunning.'

SAN GABRIEL, CAL.

T. W.

"The Eternal Silence"

[From "Eleusis: A Poem"]

As one who in the silent night
Grows weak with phantoms strange and dire,
And feels a conquerless desire
For human touch or human sight,
So I, with sorrow bowed, demand
Some word to give me half relief,
And in the trembling of my grief
Would clasp some kindly human hand.

Yet Sorrow bids me live alone;
My castle gate no guests unclose;
And the sole friend who feels my woes
Lies under yon escutcheoned stone.

I weep for higher aid than comes
From human love's intensest tie;
'Tis heaven alone can calm the cry
Of heart-bereaved and widowed ones.

* * * * *

So Love has failed me! O divine,
My weary spirit, is there more
In human heart's most inmost core
Than love when love and life combine?

The mind is naught, and naught the heart,
And Nature lies in endless sleep;
So am I left anew to weep
The shattered pantheon of my art,—

To weep, till, eyes with weeping blind,
A new Bellerophon, I grope
The Aleian plain whose narrow scope
But types my blind and barred mind.

Like him to course the doubled track,
But not, alas! like him to die;
Bruised, bleeding, blind, I groan and sigh,—
The Eternal Silence answers back.

The Author's Profession

[New Orleans Times-Democrat]

THE NEW YORK CRITIC makes humorous mention of a pamphlet issued by a dealer in subscription books, for the benefit of his agents, teaching them the methods by which the most obdurate people can be cajoled along the downward path toward ultimate surrender and purchase. Why does not some well-informed person draw up a manual of instructions for literary aspirants, showing how they may successfully approach the magazine editor?

Supposing the young writer to be equipped with talent, industry and a knowledge of the proper preparation of manuscript, the main object would be to draw such special attention to the article proffered that it might not seem merely one of the thousands that pour in for acceptance, and meet rejection. It is generally agreed that absolute invasion of the sanctum, with the intention of taking the position by assault, is of little avail. The editor would, not unnaturally, be likely to steel himself against an applicant of that sort. 'Toujours l'audace' may be a good motto, but there are occasions when diplomacy serves the purpose better. It would scarcely be magnanimous to unearth some dark secret, such as a murder or a burglary committed in the past days of the editorial career, and use it as a lever; nor, on the other hand, would it agree with the etiquette of the profession to offer contributions at the point of the revolver. Hypnotism has never been given a fair trial in this direction; but if it can bring about the perpetration of crimes, it should certainly be powerful enough to cause the commission of follies. Perhaps, after all, the safest plan would be for the aspirant to twine around the autocrat's heart like the ivy, and glide and nestle into his affections like the startled fawn, as Mrs. Chick

would have expressed it; and then, when he is firmly fixed in the editorial esteem, it will be time enough to reveal the dread fact that he has any literary ambitions whatsoever.

To speak seriously, in this time of overproduction in literature it is likely enough that talent, unknown and unheralded, may be pushed aside or borne under by the throng forever pressing forward; so there is no reason why a struggling author should be ashamed to use 'influence,' if he can command it, to bring his productions before the attention of those in high places. If his writings are not 'available,' they will simply be rejected; so there is no harm done,—if we except the wear and tear upon the temper of the person whose 'influence' was requested. You may argue that genius burns its way through every barrier; that the recognition thereof is only a matter of time, and is certain to come sooner or later,—but why not sooner, if it can be compassed? It is very fine to be high-spirited and say, 'Alone I did it!' but, in most cases, the period at which such a declaration may be truthfully made is so far delayed that the author has scarcely enthusiasm left to strike an attitude and declaim. Why should not a literary worker adopt any honorable means within his power to help himself forward? Authorship is his profession, and as he is expected to settle his accounts like other men, it ought to be admitted that he must earn money like other men. We do not claim much for the author,—we do not say that he should be allowed to practise that shining 'business enterprise' which is found so lucrative in commerce,—but will merely urge that the followers of other professions would certainly not think it beneath their dignity to keep their own interests well in view.

But literature has always been a favorite field for the cultivation of delusions, and probably it is too much to expect that people will ever stop canting about it. The dear public, which is always fond of practising noble and exalted qualities by substitute, decrees that the author must go about with his head in the clouds, sublimely indifferent to the practical things of life. He must keep his eyes resolutely closed to the main chance, and if he allows himself to be outwitted whenever he undertakes a bargain, it will be still more in character. What, in other men, would be considered common prudence is, in him, called sordid and grasping. If the mills of literature grind slowly, and likewise grind exceedingly small in the matter of prices, the consciousness of his own 'high calling' should be sufficient to console him. Here is a specimen of this kind of reasoning, from the *London Globe*:—

A nice question in literary ethics has frequently been discussed in certain circles this week. The facts are simply these: It happens that a writer, who has come suddenly into very general request, has, as is usual in similar cases, been receiving more demands for his services than he can well supply. Probably there are few men in the same position who would not proceed to raise their prices immediately. But the author referred to has spread them out in an unprecedented manner, and seems intent on avenging all the poor authors who have been compelled by booksellers to serve at painfully low wages. Is it moral, some one has asked, to put on the screw quite so heavily?

To this the New York CRITIC sensibly replies:—

I should say it was, and that it would be equally 'moral' to put it on ten times as heavily, if that were possible. The author has a right to get every penny he can for his work, and the suggestion that he ought to take a penny less is laughable. It is not as though he had a monopoly of something indispensable for the public good. He has created the demand for his own work, and there is little danger of his getting more for it than it pays to give him.

If ever laborer was worthy of his hire it is the author; for his profession is of all others the most wearing upon the nervous system. The artist can be happy and tranquil, because his impressions are derived chiefly from without; whereas, the work of the author, like that of the musician, is largely subjective, drawn from that inner, hidden source, which, at times, is not to be reached but 'by hard adventure.' The hack-writer may be able to perform his task within certain hours, and then dismiss it utterly from his thoughts; but the man whose gift is a vital part of himself is not so fortunately constituted. If the brain could be controlled by a 'time-lock,' closing it, let us say, from half-past four, P.M., until nine o'clock the next morning, the literary worker would have a better chance of enjoying life. As it is, he is forever pursued and haunted by ideas insistent yet elusive. In a sub-conscious way, the mental note-taking goes on, even in idle moments, and the deciphering of that palimpsest, overscored and interlined with impressions, is no child's play. The busy mind maintains its unresting motion during waking hours, and often labors still in dreams, when the soul

seems alone

To wander in her sleep through ways unknown,
Guideless and dark.

We suggested once that writers of genius should be pensioned, that they might have due leisure for the performance of their best

work. Upon sober second thought, the idea does not seem a luminous one; for such an action might tend rather to pauperize literature than to make it self-supporting, as it deserves to be. Moreover, it would be necessary to appoint a committee to decide upon the authors worthy of such distinction; and as committees are notoriously wooden-headed, we should see the Edna Lyalls and E. P. Roes smirking beneath laurel wreaths, while the Hearn and Kiplings toiled on, under the goad of necessity.

Marriages of Men of Brains

[From an article in *The Spectator*]

WE wonder whether the men who understand character, and, as the phrase goes, can 'choose men by the eye'—and there certainly are people with that power in such a degree as to amount to a gift,—make wiser marriages than other folk. The question is difficult to answer, because there are so few people of whom one could be certain that they possessed the gift; but we should on the whole think that the reply must be in the negative. Illustrations can prove no argument, where such a majority must remain unknown—there may be, for instance, five hundred men at the bar in every generation with special eyes for character—but still, those we have given are sufficient to prove that even genius for selecting the right men is no guarantee for the selection of the right wives, and certainly no other form of ability is. Let any reader quickly glance over Mr. Thiselton-Dyer's index published this week—we are not recommending his book, which is a most unsatisfactory specimen of book-making—and he will come, we think, to the conclusion that the failures so frequently seen in the choice of wives are in no way confined to the foolish. Men of genius make them in quite curious proportion to their numbers, and men of special ability just as often as the units in the multitude. The lady who said of her friends that she had given up attempting to understand why anybody married anybody else, might have said it just as confidently if her friends had included the ablest men out of twenty generations. Everywhere, and at all times, she would have found, among a great majority of sensible selections—due, we fear, in considerable measure to the fact that a great majority of women are good in all senses of the word—cases of utterly inexplicable blundering, cases like Lord Stowell's, who married, in the full ripeness of his unusual wisdom, a termagant who hated him; cases which seem to suggest that no man's choice of a wife is really dictated by his brain-power at all. The lady, too, who said that saying was in no way original. Her judgment is the judgment of all mankind in all grades, or, at all events, to be strictly accurate, of all that rather limited section of mankind—one hundred millions, perhaps, in twelve hundred—among whom free choice is allowed at all. Experienced readers will bear us out in saying that in no grade did they ever see a circle of any size in which there was not at least one couple whose marriage was pronounced unintelligible, or one in which the perplexity was not occasionally deepened by obvious ability either in wife or husband. 'What did he see in her?' or 'she in him?' is sure to be one of the many criticisms, and the one to which there is most seldom any reply. Sometimes, of course, it is a stupid criticism, due not to any reality, but to that impenetrable veil which hides us from each other, and which is intended, perhaps, to deepen the individual sense of responsibility; but very often in the cases selected by the critics, it is as true as a criticism on appearance or peculiarities of manner.

That is, if you will think of it, something of a puzzle. Why should ability help a man, or for that matter a woman, so very little in choosing a companion for life? That genius should not help him is comprehensible, for though some of us know exactly what genius is, we all know that, whatever it be, it is neither a cause nor a consequence of the possession of judgment. A man of genius may be almost a fool in the conduct of life, and constantly is so in pecuniary affairs, or, at least, used to be, for the observant say that the old type of the heaven-born who used to be always in debt is dying out, and that genius and care in the use of money are so often now united that even publishers fail to find them apart, and complain of the times in consequence. The world hardly expects a man of genius to marry rightly—though he often does it, as witness the three great English poets of our age—and half-includes a blunder in matrimony among evidences of genius. Of all men who ever lived, Shelley was perhaps the best representative of genius pure and simple, the man who had that in its highest degree, and no other faculty whatever; and those who read of Shelley and his marriage somehow feel that it was in him to make precisely the blunder which, without indorsing any one of the modern libels on Harriet Westbrook, one feels assured that he did make. Observers may experience any emotion at the blunders of genius—indignation, or regret, or scorn, or even a certain pleasure at finding the demi-gods so like men; but they are never sur-

prised, the secret belief which is quite ineradicable, even after one has understood Tennyson and Browning and Matthew Arnold, three of the sanest of mankind, that there is some relation between genius and insanity, prevents all wonder, and is probably the ultimate, though often the unconscious, cause of the otherwise immoral tolerance constantly extended, even by the good, to those 'errors of genius' which in other men they would heartily condemn. But why able men should make the same blunder is a constant cause of surprise. The common notion that they are carried away by passion, though true sometimes, must often be untrue, and in any case does not explain why passion, men's field of choice being wide, does not fix itself upon the right person. It is said to be all summed up in the word 'attraction'; but allowing its full power to 'love,' when real love exists, it is odd how seldom the able who choose the one friend out of the world so badly, choose their other friends without some sort of judgment. You will see a woman marry the man of all others least suited to her, and then gather a circle of friends round her whose excellence does but increase her trouble by rendering it more conscious; and men do the same thing, though it is less perceived. A third explanation—accident—has a little in it, as it has when put forward as an explanation of any unaccountable event; but it has very little, and is never accepted when a man has chosen an impracticable partner, or a swindling solicitor, or an agent who cannot do his work. Besides, why should not accident, if we are to take it as a blind force regulating chances, have gone right instead of wrong? There must be something which clouds the judgment, and the something, we fancy, is always one of two things, either the unreasoning, almost preposterous self-confidence which makes man quite sure that if a woman impresses him pleasantly, he must therefore understand her; and the other is the action of caprice, that mental impulse which is independent of reason, and which in both sexes seems to operate more strongly in choosing a companion for life than on any other occasion. Why it should do so is hard to explain; but it does, and we presume the reason to be that on this occasion the will wakes up in unusual strength; that, in fact, caprice—by which we mean fancy independent of thought—would govern able men very often in all affairs, and in marriage, where it is reinforced by will, does govern them. If that is the explanation, we should further say that caprice entered into a great many more marriages than is suspected, and becomes visible only in that moderate proportion in which unsuitableness is so great as to be patent to the whole world. We should ourselves, however, believe that the former cause, overweening self-confidence, was the main one. A man, somehow, who likes a woman always believes that he knows all about her, resents advice from the outside, and will not even consider circumstantial evidence patent to all except himself. His *amour-propre* is in arms in defence of his own opinion, and he will not even doubt, sometimes in the face of proof written all over the object of his choice, that she has a good temper. There is an inner vanity in most men, kept down by sense and experience, as to their own judgment on points where the world holds accuracy of judgment to be a mark of intellectual power; and when a wife has to be chosen, it wakes up in irresistible strength. At least, if this is not the explanation, a great many marriages of the experienced, Fielding's, for example, and Lord Stowell's, must remain inexplicable.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

OF *Artistic Japan*, Nos. 21, 22 and 23 show no diminution of good things in text and picture. In the last Mr. Ary Renan writes ably of 'Animals in Japanese Art,' showing how lovingly the native artist pictures the humblest forms of brute life with enthusiasm, patience, and a success which vanishes when the large quadrupeds are treated. In this August month, when a walk amid the golden rods and beside the blackberry bushes starts up Molly Cotton-tail and her brood, it is worth while to note how Hokusai pictures hares, and his other less famous brethren of the brush portray the sparrow, the teal, the falcon, and other wearers of fur, fin or feather. Mr. Lewis Gonsse, a high authority, reproduces the life and times of Korin, a famous seventeenth century Kioto artist, and mingles sound criticism with biographical details, showing who were his teachers as well as his pupils. While Hokusai seems a modern Westerner in Japan, and has never won the highest admiration of native critics, Korin on the contrary is among those most originally and profoundly Japanese. Though most of his best work was done in Yedo, he spent his last days in the sacred city, dying in Kioto in 1716, at the age of fifty-six. A number of his sketches are reproduced. There are the usual sheaves of plates and descriptive text representing most of the departments of Japanese pictorial art, of the highest value to the artist, amateur, decorator,

draughtsman, and manufacturer. The next number will complete the second year of a periodical which, though addressed to a narrow circle of readers, is notably rich in artistic and literary resources. We note from its pages that the Japanese are already regretting the feverish haste with which they disposed of the masterpieces of their artists, and are appearing in the markets of Europe to buy back what once they sold so cheaply.

—Rajon's somewhat flattering crayon portrait of Mr. J. McNeil Whistler, showing the famous white forelock with startling distinctness, is reproduced by permission of Messrs. Knoedler & Co. as the frontispiece of the August *Art Amateur*. An article on 'Pen-Drawing for Photo-Engraving' is illustrated by reproductions of pen sketches by Harpignies, Alligny and Maxime Lalanne. One on 'Types of Trees' has excellent illustrations after Cassagne; and there is a page of pen-and-ink sketches by Henry Mosler, done for his picture of 'The Husking Bee.' The departments of China-Painting, the House, and Art Needlework are well filled, and there is an interesting illustrated article on Benvenuto Cellini.

—Not in its advertising columns, but among its art notes, *The Athenæum* prints an engraving of a ring containing, under an oval glass or crystal, a portrait of Charles I. The gem belongs to Sir Charles Dilke, and was lost soon after its return from the Stuart Exhibition of last year. It is believed to be one of the few memorial rings of the King in existence. 'An adequate' reward is offered for its return, and foreign papers are requested to call attention to this fact, and to apply for casts of the block representing the treasure.

—Mr. W. J. Linton's forthcoming 'Masters of Wood-Engraving' will have nearly 200 cuts interspersed in its text, with forty-eight unbacked page subjects. The 500 copies will be signed and numbered. As certain illustrations (such as Harvey's 'Dentatus,' and the cuts from Dürer's 'Apocalypse' and 'Greater Passion') can be given only in part in this edition, it is proposed to issue an edition, limited to orders received, but in no case to exceed 100 copies, on paper large enough to print them in their entirety. In addition will be given Dürer's 'Triumphal Car of Maximilian,' 7 feet 4 inches long by 18 inches high.

Current Criticism

EMERSON'S POVERTY.—It is said that Dr. Eggleston's remark, 'Mr. Emerson was poor during the greater part of his life,' is a pitying phrase; and that Mr. Emerson's townsmen and neighbors would not respond to it sympathetically. May I be pardoned for saying that, in my little way, I was both a neighbor and a fellow-townsmen of Emerson's, and that Dr. Eggleston's phrase strikes me as not a pitying, but a nobly indignant one? I shall never forget the shock—the sense of humiliation as an American—which I suffered when I first came into that slight, but neighborly and sincere personal acquaintance with Mr. Emerson, which lasted for some years. He had been a demi-god to me for years, during which my wildest dreams had not reached the point of supposing that I could meet and talk with him as a neighbor, and as an entirely useless yet kindly welcome guest. I found him, seer and poet and prophet, as he was, whose name rang through the world, a man comparatively neglected by his countrymen. Instead of receiving a modest and fit reward for his proper work, he was forced to make lecturing tours in order to eke out his income, when his health and strength were quite unequal to the task. If Mr. Higginson ever saw him as I have seen him, worn and weak, yet struggling on with his hard task, he ought to understand that it is not feeble commiseration to dwell upon Emerson's hardships, but simply a strong resentment against the dull public, which professes to be more intelligent than Europe, yet permits the chief exponent of the highest and best thinking to struggle and suffer as Emerson did. Of course this heroic man made no personal complaint. But there are, perhaps, two or three observers who will not forget the sad spectacle of a needless burden imposed upon him. The peace and comfort of Emerson's old age came from sources entirely outside of returns from his own work. They were due to the agency of a wealth not derived from his life-long, magnificent work in literature.—*G. P. Lathrop, in The Independent.*

'A PUBLIC JOURNAL OF CENSORSHIP.'—The important question is, what means have readers to determine the qualities and reliability of books? As a rule, a reader cannot critically pass on the question; for the means to do so are not at hand. Even the particular standing of the author and publisher is not, and cannot be, known to a large class of readers. . . . Not by law, but by common consent, some public censorship should be established, which will deal with this question directly. Good results are being derived from the book-review department of the newspaper; only as

a rule the reviewers are too general, and the matters here complained of are too generally avoided. The journal doing the most good in this line is *THE CRITIC* (for which the writer hereof is a subscriber). By common consent, *THE CRITIC* should be accepted as the Public Journal of Censorship for the United States. Nothing better than this publication, in the way of printed matter, can be placed in our libraries and on our reading tables. Every teacher in the land should be a subscriber and careful reader of it, that he may be able to advise and direct our children in their reading and in the purchase of their books. Every person interested in the circulation and reading of good books, should read it and urge others to read it. . . . *THE CRITIC* should receive the united support of all lovers of good books. . . . This support of *THE CRITIC* need not and would not lessen the support of other journals of a like character; it would not lessen the necessity for the newspapers of the country devoting space to reviews. It would only give readers a journal which would not only furnish them with general information about literature in all forms, but to which they might look for protection against spurious and unworthy books.—*Woodland (Cal.) Democrat.*

'THE TRIBE OF BEN' JONSON.—Nature, the most modest and unobtrusive of sculptors, pretends to no such inductive rightness as these figures display; and as to her logical power, that has always been so shaky that innumerable theologies, mythologies, and cosmogonies have had to be invented in order to explain it. In an illogical and perhaps half-conscious way she, like Homer and Shakespeare and Chaucer, projects her characters, turns them out as entire organisms, and then leaves them to justify themselves. Here, indeed, is where nature is so charming, that she never dreams of justifying her work, and yet she is justified of all her children. Never entirely right and logical are her characters, as are Ben's characters, and as are the characters in the 'Comédie Humaine' and in all the works of all the tribe of Ben; but they are alive—that is all the difference, these characters are alive. From head to foot we believe in them. The credence we give to them is different altogether from the credence we give to those curious figures moulded by the tribe of Ben. Hence their vitality is for all time. It is governed by no fashion, depends on no shifting web of circumstance, as does the vitality of the figures 'made out of the carver's brain.' Was Ben conscious, we wonder, of the evanescence of figures thus made when he told Charles I. that already the 'less poetic boys' judged part of him decayed? 'The less poetic boys' indeed! Had he said 'the more poetic boys' he would only have been prophesying the temper of Prince Posterity towards all figures 'made out of the carver's brain'—that incorruptible and puissant prince who for one of those 'thousand' Shakespearean 'lines' which Johnson wished had been 'blotted' would cheerfully barter away a thousand of Ben's own loaded lines, where, alas! the literary energy quells all poetic life. Yes, the literary energy does the mischief always with the tribe of Ben.—*The Athenæum.*

Notes

MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO. announce for publication this month 'In and Out of Book and Journal,' a collection of 'bright and pithy sayings,' selected by Dr. A. Sydney Roberts, and illustrated by H. H. Van Schaick; 'Gleanings for the Curious from the Harvest Fields of Literature,' compiled by Dr. C. C. Bombaugh; 'European Days and Ways,' by ex-Consul-General Alfred E. Lee. In fiction they have ready 'A Diplomat's Diary,' by Julien Gordon; 'O Thou, My Austria,' another of Mrs A. L. Wister's translations from the German of Ossip Schubert; 'Two Modern Women,' by Kate Gannett Wells, a socialistic story; and 'Disenchantment,' by F. Mabel Robinson, in Lippincott's Series of Select Novels. W. S. Crimp's 'Sewage Disposal Works,' a guide to the construction of works for the prevention of the pollution of rivers, etc., will contain numerous illustrations. 'An Elementary History of the United States,' by Charles Morris, is also announced; and a child's story by Annie R. Butler, 'The Promised King.' Early in September the firm will publish a fifth edition of Garretson's 'Oral Surgery' and a seventh edition of DeCosta's 'Medical Diagnosis.'

—It is proposed to publish a volume containing an introductory memoir and complete bibliography of all writings, including review articles, of the late William Francis Allen, Professor of History in the University of Wisconsin; and selected papers representative of his work in English social and economic history, and mediæval Roman, Western, and United States history and politics, and the classics, as well as essays upon educational and religious topics. A majority of these articles will be reprints of magazine articles and pamphlets exhibiting Prof. Allen's skill in uniting scientific with popular treatment. An index will follow. The edition will be for subscribers only, the price being \$2, and each copy being

numbered. Subscriptions, payable on receipt of the volume, should be sent to Prof. David B. Frankenburger, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

—A complete edition of Matthew Arnold's poetry is about to appear in a single volume from the press of Macmillan & Co. In form it will resemble the single volume of Tennyson's verse and that of Wordsworth, but it will not be printed in double columns. It will contain everything that is in the last three-volume edition, and there will be added the poem on 'Kaiser,' from *The Fortnightly Review*, and an 'Horatian Echo,' written in 1847, and given to *The Hobby Horse* in 1887.

—Lady Wilde's name has been placed on the civil pension list. The new pensioner is an Irish poet and the mother of Oscar Wilde. It is in the former capacity, we presume, that she will receive an annuity from the Crown.

—Two French writers are portrayed in the August *Book Buyer*—M. Jules Verne, whose likeness forms the frontispiece and is accompanied by a biographical sketch; and Baron Imbert de Saint-Amand, who has published twenty-six biographies of famous women.

—On account of the large number of advance orders received for Mrs. Custer's 'Following the Guidon,' Harper & Bros. have been compelled to postpone its publication until Aug. 22. Messrs. Harper announce for immediate publication 'Toxar,' a romance of ancient Greece, by the author of 'Thoth'; also Giovanni Verga's 'The House by the Medlar-Tree,' translated by Mary A. Craig, with an introduction by W. D. Howells.

—The corner-stone of the Utah University, a Methodist Episcopal institution now erecting at Ogden, was laid on Tuesday by Bishop Vincent. Addresses were made by the Bishop, Gov. Thomas, and the Rev. Samuel W. Small, D.D., President of the University. Letters from President Harrison, Vice-President Morton, members of the Cabinet, Gens. Sherman and Howard, Dr. O. W. Holmes, ex-President Hayes, Senator Edmunds, many Congressmen, various Bishops, and presidents of colleges and universities, were placed in the corner-stone of the crypt. The most notable was a cablegram from Mr. Gladstone, saying:—'Heartily desiring the success of this noble effort and purpose to deliver fellow-creatures and fellow-countrymen from a deplorable delusion.' The building will cost \$500,000, and the University will be adequately endowed.

—John Wiley's Sons announce 'Practical Seamanship,' for use in the merchant service, by John Todd and W. B. Whall; and Ruskin's 'Seven Lamps of Architecture' and 'Præterita.'

—Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks, who is summering at Cape Porpoise, Me., has edited for D. Lothrop Co. 'Out of Doors with Tennyson' and 'The Great Cities of the World.' Mr. Willis Boyd Allen, whose 'Lion City of Africa' will be issued before long, has gone to Alaska for a summer outing.

—Princess Beatrice is writing a work on lace, and will illustrate it herself. It is to be printed for private circulation only.

—In the House of Commons on Tuesday evening Mr. P. O'Brien asked whether the Government would prosecute the poet Swinburne for his poem in *The Fortnightly Review*, which, he said, was grossly calculated to incite the murder of the Tsar. He was proceeding to read the poem when the Speaker called him to order, saying that Parliament could not control the poems of Swinburne—a remark which was received with laughter.

—Mr. George L. Schuyler, who died suddenly on board Commodore Gerry's flag-yacht *Electra* at New London on July 31, had published two books relating to Revolutionary times. One was correspondence and remarks upon 'Bancroft's History of the Northern Campaign in 1777,' the other, 'The Character of Major-General Philip Schuyler.' Mr. Schuyler was the grandson of Gen. Philip John Schuyler, and was born at Rhinebeck on June 9, 1811. He was twice married, and both of his wives were granddaughters of Alexander Hamilton.

—Dr. Joseph M. Toner has in press the journals kept by Washington while on a surveying expedition for Lord Fairfax (1748), while conveying a letter from Gov. Dinwiddie to the commandant of the French forces at Fort Le Boeuf, near Lake Erie (1753), and while on a visit to Barbados (1751). They have been carefully edited, annotated and indexed.

—Soon after the death of Mrs. Craik, in 1887, a scheme for the erection of a memorial was started by Lord Tennyson, Robert Browning, Matthew Arnold, Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir John Millais, Mr. John Morley, Prof. Huxley, the Hon. James Russell Lowell, Mrs. Oliphant, Mme. Guizot de Witt, Miss Yonge, and others. It was decided that it should take the form of a marble medallion in Tewkesbury Abbey, the home of 'John Halifax,' and

the last place visited by the author before her death. The memorial has now been placed in the abbey. It is the work of Mr. H. H. Armstead, R.A., and is thus described in *The Pall Mall Gazette*:—

Above the cornice is placed a group illustrative of Charity, while in the architectural member is a winged laurel-wreath, surmounted by an alto-relief containing the figures of Truth and Purity. A central shield bears this quotation from 'John Halifax, Gentleman':—'Each in his place is fulfilling his day, and passing away, just as that sun is passing. Only we know not whither he passes; while whither we go we know, and the way we know—the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.' A medallion portrait is contained in a circular molding, supported by Corinthian pilasters, on which are borne the maiden and married names of the authoress, 'Dinah Maria Mulock—Mrs. Craik.' The inscription on the frieze runs:—'A tribute to work of noble aim and to a gracious life.'

—President Merrill E. Gates of Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J., having declined a call to the Presidency of Oberlin College, was elected on July 30 to the Presidency of Amherst. Dr. Gates is a well-known educator, having held various positions of responsibility before he was called to New Brunswick, eight years ago, at the early age of thirty-four. Since his assumption of the Presidency of Rutgers, the number of professorships at the College has been increased from sixteen to twenty-two, the number of students has nearly doubled, the library has been increased from 9,000 to 26,000 volumes, and a new chemical laboratory costing \$45,000 has been built; while a dormitory costing \$75,000, to accommodate a hundred students, will be opened in September. Over \$250,000 has been given to the College during his administration. Occasional articles in the reviews and magazines (such as 'Athens' in *Harper's Monthly*, 'Sidney Lanier' in *The Presbyterian Review*, etc.), as well as in the newspapers, attest Dr. Gates' power as a writer. He has been an effective advocate of the reform of the Civil Service. In 1880 the Regents of the University of New York gave him the degree of Ph.D.; in 1882 Princeton and Rochester conferred on him the degree of LL.D.; and at her centennial celebration in 1887, Columbia made him an L.H.D.

—Copyright notices in the advertising pages of last Saturday's *Publishers' Weekly* call attention to the fact that the Poetical Works of Dr. Holmes, the Poems of Mr. Aldrich, 'The Poet's Journal' of Bayard Taylor, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's 'Boys at Chequasset,' Quackenbos's English Grammar and Marshall's engraving of Washington all appeared in the latter half of 1862. The *Weekly*, by the way, expresses its gratification at having been among the first to predict THE CRITIC's success.

—The J. G. Cupples Co., Boston, will publish a fully illustrated life of Paul Revere by Elbridge H. Goss.

—The late Rev. Dr. W. H. Ryder of Chicago made the following institutions his residuary legatees, and each will receive, as such, the sum of \$32,356.68:—Universalist Publishing House, Boston; Divinity School, Tufts College; Divinity School, St. Lawrence University; Divinity School, Lombard University; and Buchtel College, Akron, Ohio. Among the numerous charitable bequests contained in his will were \$20,000 to Lombard University (mentioned above) and \$10,000 to the Chicago Public Library.

—Miss Philippa Fawcett the mathematician is quite an expert bookbinder, fond of fine needle-work, and given to artistic embroidery.

—'It does no harm,' says *The St. James's Gazette*, 'to be reminded occasionally to put to ourselves Thoreau's question, How much "in life"—or as Mr. Stevenson puts it, "in liberty"—our conventional needs or luxuries cost us; how much life we barter for livelihood. Moreover, Thoreau was part of Concord; and Concord, if it was not an Athens or a Florence, has its place in the geography of literature.'

—A paper-cover edition of 'Count Zubof's' 'Viera: A Romance 'Twixt the Real and Ideal,' will be issued by the American News Co., with a portrait and life of the author.

—For selling and circulating certain books which the Society for the Enforcement of the Criminal Law hold to be immoral, General Manager Patrick Farrelly of the American News Company and a clerk in the Company's employ were arrested on Tuesday afternoon by an agent of the Society and taken before Justice Murray at the Tombs Police Court, who released them on their promise to appear for examination on the following morning. Dr. Robert A. Gunn, the President of the Society, stated that he had no desire to unnecessarily annoy the News Company, and would take no further proceedings if the Court should decide that the arrest was a sufficient warning. Justice Murray turned the case over to the District Attorney. The books seized were 'The Devil's Daughter,' a garbled translation from Balzac, 681 copies; 'In Stella's Shadow,'

56; 'Speaking of Ellen,' 361; 'The Clemenceau Case,' 100; 'An Actor's Wife,' 22; and 'The Kreutzer Sonata' and 'Thou Shalt Not,' 22 each.

—A library exclusively intended for women will shortly be opened at Turin. The rooms are elegantly furnished, and the tables will be covered with all the best periodicals and newspapers that can interest female readers, while the best modern books will fill the shelves. Turin, it is said, will be the first Italian city that can boast of such a library.

—An Englishman writes thus to *Notes and Queries*:—

The most difficult case, perhaps, is that of an English author who sells his work to American publishers. If he is wise, and is popular enough to insist, he should stipulate formally beforehand that the English spelling shall be used in his book. But even then he is not safe. Such a stipulation was lately made, and put into due legal form; and yet the earlier numbers of the novel to which it related were issued by the American publisher with all the English spellings altered. The author, a man who writes pure and excellent English, insisted on an immediate compliance with his terms, and carried his point. So the book in its first issue is parcel-English, parcel-Yankee in spelling.

—'Geraldine Jewsbury is here,' said Mrs. Carlyle one day to a caller, 'but she is in her room with a bad cold, reviewing a novel.' She paused a moment, and then added:—'I am sorry for the novel that is reviewed by Geraldine when she has a bad cold.' Miss Jewsbury 'was a literary woman to her finger-tips,' says a writer in an English paper, 'the author of several good novels, and, above all, she had many friendships with the immortals. There are heaps of women who write books nowadays, but few that have the personality of Miss Jewsbury; and yet in all the twelve or fourteen years since her death, I do not remember so much as a magazine article about her.'

—Richard Jefferies is to have a monument in Salisbury Cathedral.

—'Ye Olde Kalendar,' issued by L. Prang & Co. for 1890, was put upon the market in the usual way, but a big 'remnant' left upon their hands at the beginning of the year was sold to Mr. Leach, the Nassau Street stationer, who gave the large old-fashioned pamphlets away as an advertisement. Besides the full-page colored plates, illustrating the signs of the zodiac, there are views of the City Hall in Wall Street in 1760, and of the State House and the Battery in 1769. Messrs. Prang will reissue the calendar for 1891.

—The Pure Literature Association, whose object is to translate light, wholesome English literature into the vernaculars of India and to sell it at low rates to the natives, proposes to put upon the market an edition of Dickens, beginning with 'Pickwick.' *The Athenaeum* feels that the Society is contemplating an almost impossible task in too light-hearted a spirit. 'Imagine the poor Indian ryot brooding over the vagaries of Daniel Quilp or Sarah Gamp! Does the Society accept the responsibility of intruding on Hindu mythology new and eccentric incarnations of Vishnu and of the goddess Kali?' There are one or two Nonconformist ministers on the committee, who are dismayed at the idea of introducing a Mr. Stiggins to the Indian public.

The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

1859.—1. Is it supposed that Browning had any particular person in view when he composed 'The Lost Leader'? 2. Is Frederick Locker still alive, and when was the last edition of his poems published?

PRINCETON, N. J.

W. M. D.

[1. The poem was suggested by Wordsworth's becoming a Tory, but the poet professed great veneration for the Laureate. For light on such points as these, one may turn with confidence to the Bibliography published by the Browning Society of London, of which Mr. F. J. Furnivall is the President. 2. Mr. Locker-Lampson is alive, we are happy to say, but we are unable to supply the desired date.]

1860.—Who said, 'Revolutions never go backward'?

MEMPHIS, TENN.

M. P.

Publications Received

[RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

Aldé, H. Songs Without Music. \$2. Scribner & Welford.
Allen, W. F. (editor). The Annals of Tacitus. Books L-VI. \$1.65.
Boston: Ginn & Co.
A. L. O. E. Beyond the Black Waters. \$1. Thomas Nelson & Sons.
Arnold, E. The Light of Asia. \$1.50. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
A. V. V. Smitten and Slain. \$1. Thomas Nelson & Sons.
Bunyan, J. Pilgrim's Progress. 35c. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Caldwell, J. M. Dorothy Arden. \$1.50. Thomas Nelson & Sons.
Carns, P. The Ethical Problem. Chicago: Open Court Pub'g Co.
Carter, J. H. Thomas Rutherton. H. C. Nixon.
Conway, M. D. Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne. 40c. A. Lovell & Co.
Expatriation. By the author of Aristocracy. 50c. D. Appleton & Co.
Heddaeus, J. Lord Ivelly. John B. Alden.
Labor (Bureau of Statistics of). Seventh Annual Report. Albany, N. Y.: Charles F. Peck.
Lee, M. A Brooklyn Bachelor. 50c. F. F. Lovell & Co.
Lellyett, J. Letters to Goliath of Gas. 75c. Nashville, Tenn.: Barbee & Smith.
Mann, H. A Few Thoughts for a Young Man. 50c. John B. Alden.
Maupassant, G. de. The Two Brothers. Tr. by Clara Bell. 50c. Cassell Pub'g Co.
Melville, A. C. The Lost Ring. \$1.50. Thomas Nelson & Sons.
Meredith, Owen. Selected Poems. 40c. A. Lovell & Co.
Michaelis, F. Looking Further Forward. 25c. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Mollett, J. W. Corot: Daubigny: Dupré. \$1.25. Scribner & Welford.
Mollett, J. W. Millet: Rousseau: Diaz. \$1.25. Scribner & Welford.
Musset, A. de. Pierre et Camille. Tr. by O. B. Super. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Ohnet, G. Peter's Soul. Tr. by J. F. Alvord. 50c. Chicago: Sergei & Co.
Ohnet, G. The Soul of Pierre. Tr. by M. J. Serrano. 50c. Cassell Pub'g Co.
Townsend, M. U. S.: Curious Facts, Historical, Geographical, Political. \$1.50.
Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
Vizetelly, H. Count Königsmark and Tom of Ten Thousand. 50c. Scribner & Welford.
Ward, J. H. The White Mountains. \$1.25. D. Appleton & Co.
Wyatt, R. James Latrow. John B. Alden.

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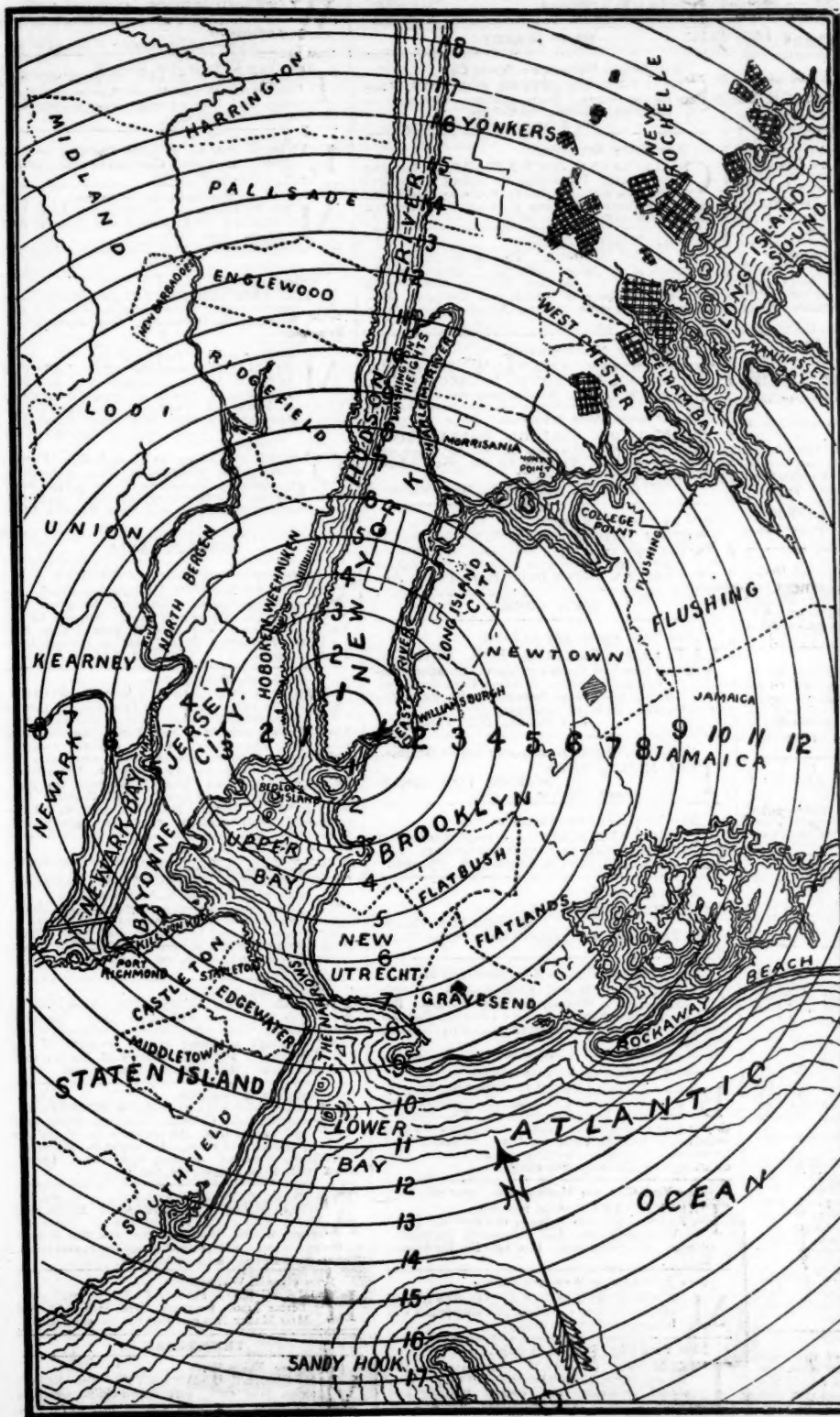


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From the New York Evening Sun of July 1, 1890.

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* Mr. Ward's property has been purchased by S. Carman Harriot, Jr.

See advertisement on first page of cover.

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